



The Watchman. Sung by Mr. DIBDIN.

A Watchman I am, and I know all the round,
The ho-fkeepers, the strays and the lodgers;
Where low devils, rich dons, and high rips,
May be found, odds-dickies, queer kids,
And rum codgers of money,
And of prope ty, I'm he

That takes the care, and cries, when I see rogues by,
Hey! what are you doing there?

Only a little business in that house; you understand
me—understand you; well, I believe you are an
honest man; d'ye hear, bring me an odd silver
candlestick.

Then to my box I creep,
And then fall fast asleep.
St. Paul's strikes one;
Thus, after all the mischief's done,
I goes and gives them warning,
And loudly bawls,
While strikes St. Paul's,
Past one o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

Then round as the hour I merrily cry,
Another mess I discover,
For a curious rope-ladder I straightway espy,
And Miss Forward expecting her lover;
Then to each others arms they fly,
My life, my soul, ah! ah!
Fine work, Miss Hot upon it, cries I,
I'll knock up your papa—

No, no, you won't—I shall; worthy old soul, to be
treated in this manner—Here, here, take this—O
you villain, want to bribe an honest watchman; and
with such a trifle too—Well, well, here's more—
You seem to be a spirited lad, now do make her a
good husband; I am glad you have tricked the old
hunks; good night; I wish you safe to Green Green;

Then to my box I creep,
And then falls fast all ep,
What's that? St. Paul's strikes two;
The lovers off; what does I do,
But gives the father warning,
And loudly bawls, &c.

Then towards the square, from my box I looks,
I hears such a rancing and tearing,
Tis Pharaoh's whole host, and the pigeons and rocks
Are laughing, and singing, and wearing;

Then such a hubbub and a din,
How they bawls and carle,
That thief has stole my diamond pin,
Which watch? I've lost my purse.

Watch! here, I charge you—And I charge you; tis a
marvellous thing that honest people can't go home
without being robbed—Which is the thief?—That's
the thief that tricked me out of two hundred pounds
this evening—Ah! that you know is all in the way
of business, but which is the thief that stole the
Gentleman's purse?—That's him—What Sam Snatch,
ding it to me, Sam; he has not got your purse; you
are mistaken in your man; go home peaceably, and
don't oblige me to take you to the watch-house.

Then to my box I creep,
And then fall fast asleep,
What's that? St. Paul strikes three;
Thus from my roguery I get free
By giving people warning,
And loudly bawls, &c.

